1609/1756.

The Tickler.

NUMB. III. 10

(Price Six-Pence.)

THE

TICKLER.

No. III.

THE

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To be Continued Occasionally.

——*Sæpe vocandus.*

JUVEN.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.* 1719.

LICKTER.

THE

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To Sir Richard Steele.

SIR,

I Am teiz'd to death to know whether you are the Author of the *Tickler*. This, I ſuppoſe, anſwers all my Enquirers; ſome of whom I cannot but give you an account of. Their Manner and Stile, having been formerly, I ſuppoſe, known to you.

There is a *Lawyer*, who ſends Poetry in an old-faſhion'd Character. He is advis'd to take his Pipe and be quiet, his Verſes being unpardonably bad. He makes *Plaguey* a Rhime to *Brighuega*.

The *Lady*, who writes Advice in an Hermophrodite-Hand, half-man's, half-woman's, is ſilly, and inſolent: She is adviſed to ſay her Prayers, and go to Bed.

There is a Piece from a *Divine*, wrote as tho' he knew you. But he's too Familiar, and begins his firſt Line as though ye had juſt ended the ſecond Bottle. He's at, *Dear Dick*, when you have not quite finiſh'd your third Bow, and laid your Hat aſide.

A *Soldier* ſcrauls a Number of ſhort Sentences, and talks much of the *Worſt of Times*. He is very angry at ſome People, and as I gueſs, has a mind to Liſt in ſome *new Service*. But I remember your Speech againſt *Duelling*, and ſo ſink his Particulars.

The ſawcieſt Direction to you is from ſome *Author*; he ſnarles and ſooths; and ſnarles and ſooths again; and talks much of *Money*, *Reputation*, and *Service*; but you may be eaſy, I believe *Clerk* to the *Fiſh-Pool* will content him.

I think I knew *Sly*'s, *Bartram*'s, *Finlay*'s, Mrs. *Manley*'s, and *Boyer*'s, and *Budgel*'s, and *Clayton*'s Hands. But I'll put 'em all to the ſame Uſe, and conclude, that, in an *Italick* Character, finely wrote, there are theſe few following Lines, underwritten, as you ſee.

SIR,

'*WHile you continued* only *one of the* Wittieſt *Men* '*alive, I knew the Pleaſure of Hoping; but* '*now you are going to be one of the* Wealthieſt, *I* '*deſpair. I am* Yours, *&c.*

The WIDOW.

To

To Mr. *LOWNDES.*

SIR,

THE great Inclination which I obſerve in you, joined to the greateſt Abilities, to ſerve your poor impoveriſh'd Country, makes me direct the Firſt-part of this Paper to you, who though you may be, unjuſtly, excluded, by ignorant Perſons, from the Number of *Authors*, yet, no doubt may claim that Privilege amongſt thoſe of the firſt Rank; and merit all the good Things that your Fellow-Labourers can invent or ſay of you. Bleſs me! if it be true what Anatomiſts ſay of the great Diſproportion between the Quantity of human and animal Brains, in favour of us Rational Creatures; how many Pound of that valuable Subſtance do you carry every Day upon your Shoulders? And of what infinite Worth is every Cubical Inch of it? What Numbers of Folio's,

Quarto's, Octavo's, and Duodecimo's, bound or unbound, and all their Authors were worth, can you procure the Price of, out of Subjects, unthought of before, in one Quarter of an Hour? Get but to your Arbour, fill your Pipe, thrice roll your Eyes, put Pen to Paper, and more Money is raiſed before you have done ſmoaking, than all the Poets and Parſons in the Kingdom can produce. Waſh your Mouth, take your Walk, and ſit down but two Minutes, and you content all the Half-Pay Officers, from *Young-Man*'s Back-Room, to the Folks up Three Pair of Stairs in *Fleetſtreet*. Eat your Supper, pick your Teeth thoroughly, and Toaſt as far as the Memory of Queen *Anne*, 100. to one but that will pay all the Subſiſtence of the Sea and Land Forces to *Lady-Day* next: and go but to Bed in good Humour, ſleep well and long; bar Wife and Domeſticities till One a Clock, and then (may be) you have found out Money enough to content all the Miniſters of S——e.

Having given ſufficient Reaſons why you are to be allow'd *An Author*, nay, the moſt correct and richeſt that I ever read of, as may more fully appear by ſeveral of your Works in Print, I hope no body will be ſurpriz'd hereafter, at any Uſe that I ſhall make of you: And to begin, for the Good of the Publick,

Publick, I propoſe to you to contrive a Method of raiſing, next Winter, 150000 *l.* Sterling, by Erecting a Lottery for the Enſuring of *Wit*, to which I am confident you will have a greater Number of Subſcribers than to any Invention that your Head and Perriwig have ever yet produced. *Wit*, Sir, is the general Staple Commodity of the Three Kingdoms; witneſs your Markets, your Fairs, your Horſe-Races, your Coffee-Houſes, your Churches, nay the Court ſometimes; and when once a Man has an Hazard, without more ado, without ſtudying, ſtealing, or being born to it, of drawing the Top Prize, and being liſten'd to o'er a Pot of Ale, or a Flask of Wine, for at leaſt a Year together, there will be no End of raiſing Money; you may have enough to pay for all the Faults of the laſt Miniſtry, and to cover any that may happen to Miniſters for the future; to anſwer the Loſs by the Peace of *Utrecht*, and the War now in being, or to be. Sir, you will find Foreigners ſubſcribe; the *Germans* are ready; nay, I dare ſay the *Dutch* wou'd come into it. I muſt ſuggeſt to you, it muſt not be on the Footing of your laſt Lottery; you muſt have no *Blanks*, and the ſeveral Prizes muſt not only be transferrable at certain Rates *per Cent.* in this, but it muſt paſs Current at ſo much Value in the next, that by this

this Means and an additional Premium, a Malecontent this Year may have a Title to a better Benefit the next. But I beg your Pardon for these Hints, 'tis an Encroachment on your Province, and I have done with it; only I must desire you to distinguish the Seasons wherein Men should draw: The Commodity in different Periods, bearing a different Value; for instance, a worse Rate in Summer than in Winter; and according to the Prevalency of the Works of those who are in Possession of the most Fortunate Tickets at present: For I have known the same Author at *Cent. per Cent.* Discount, both in Gain and Loss; witness *Cato* and the *Drummer*. The *Prophecy* of *Nereus*, and the *Ode* from *Windsor*. In the *Tatler*'s Time you might have 200 *per Cent.* go where you would; in the *Freeholders*, 'twas 30 *per Cent.* Discount: At present it rises at *Button*'s pretty hopefully, but sinks much at *Oxford* and *Whitehall*; 'tis a Drug at *Cambridge*: But, to be short, if you fall in with this Design, you must make a Fortune; for it is nigh at Par in so many Places, that Millions are likely to subscribe, to stir the Spirit about, and out-wit their Neighbours. What would not *Tom Bufido* give for a *Clincher*, when he is hard put to it at a Christening? Or a Lord-Treasurer, when he is inclin'd to lie heartily at his Levee?

The

The *Lincolns-Inn* Fraternity, Authors and Actors, Men, Women and Children, will pawn every Rag, and run after you; and you are ſure of bringing in the preſent Set of Phyſicians for all they are worth.

The only Thing that I ſhall now add is, that you muſt conſider the ſeveral Sorts of Perſons who are in Neceſſity this way, and adapt your Price accordingly; computing from hence a right Diſcount for circulating your Tickets after they are drawn; for 'tis this will bring in Griſe to the Mill.

Now your Tickets muſt be reduc'd to ſeveral general Heads, and under theſe there muſt be many Species, whereof I ſend you at preſent an undiſtinguiſh'd Sketch, leaving the Perfecting the Whole to your own great Genius; who, no doubt, will diſpoſe the ſeveral Claſſes into Companies and Societies, and will appoint Judges (like thoſe deſign'd by Sir *Richard Steele*, for the SENSORIUM in *York-Buildings*,) to decide between Contenders for Prizes; or in caſe of any Diſputes which may ariſe from the Circulation of Tickets. The Denominations which I think of at preſent are *Bull-maſters*, *Conundrumites*, *Quiblers*, *Jokers*, *Punſters*,

sters, Reparteers or Smart-men, Quære-men, Double-Entendrists, Flighters, Mumblers, Biters, Witlings, Witlerers, Witlists, Witlerists, Witterissimists, and what Men call the Primitive *Wits.* 20000 *l.* Sterl. or 10000 *l.* will be nothing for one of the worst of these Wits. Go but about the *'Change* a Day or Two, and remark how the slovenly Louts purr and punn at one another,

With basking Smiles and Plenty in their Face,

and you will be convinc'd of the Truth of this. Sir, I assure you, they had rather be thought Poor than Dull. But I fear I transgress too much on a Man of Business; pray go to work and oblige Three Nations, and particularly your Admirer,

The TICKLER.

P. S. I shall be glad to hear from you, and to communicate your Sentiments, in this Matter, to all our heavy Fellow-Subjects.

From my Closet at Button's Coffee-House, Aug. 15. 1719.

GEN.

GENTLE Reader, I beg your Pardon for not anſwering the Expectation I rais'd in you in my Second Paper, and beginning and ending with the famous *Oxford*-Letter from Mr. *Young*, ſuperſcribed to Mr. *Tickell*, and including ſome other Great Men; which I agen promiſe, you ſhall have: But I am ſo crowded with preſſing Inſtances from ſeveral Hands, to haſten in for publick Uſe, what they, after much Pains, have ſent me, that I cou'd not forbear addreſſing Mr. *Lownds*, finding (in leſs than a Month's Diſcovery) what an infinite Number of Tickets would be ſold: Nay, theſe People ſo ſwarm about me this hot Weather, that the very Bookſellers turn Authors, or are ready to bribe me, in behalf of thoſe with whom unfortunately they have had to do. *Harry Clements* writes in the Clerical Strain, that for God's ſake, I wou'd fall upon *Trapp*'s Works, or elſe he ſhall be undone: And I've promis'd to put that Gentleman's Dedication before his Engliſh *Virgil* into genuine *Traveſtrie*, which I believe will give an help to my Friend at the *Half-Moon*; whoſe beloved Prelate's Books about *drinking Healths to the Dead*, are to be dreſs'd up in the ſame Hue; and ſome other Aſſiſtance he ſhall have, according as he behaves.

My

My Anonymous Correſpondent about *a Rational Account of the Rebellion*, and ſome other Pieces of an *Iriſh* Divine ſhall be gratified; I owe this to the Author, but I fear it won't help the Printer. 'Tis a foggy Climate he lives in, and he muſt not write.

Pray Mr. *Curll* let me alone; I cannot ſpare Time to read your Prayers and Notes, and I am ſure I might as well reſtore you to your Senſes and Credit, as endeavour to make any Thing ſell that you print. So once for all, I take my leave of you.

Jonah Bowyer, why wou'd you have me drag Dr. *Snape* out of his Obſcurity? To Waſt, turn the Things to Waſt-Paper, I pray you, and ſay no more.

Dean *Sherlock*'s Printer ſhall be alſo gratify'd, in hopes that the Dean will give us the promiſed Anſwer to the Biſhop of *Bangor*'s *Rights of Subjects*; for he'll ſo finiſh his Character thereby, that I engage he finiſhes the Controverſy. Is it not hard, Mr. Dean, that you wou'dn't write ſomething in your laſt Book intelligible in it ſelf, or to the Purpoſe you were about. A pretty Knot of you there is, and very graceful at the head of a Controverſy;

troverſy; *Snape*, *Sherlock*, *Trap*, *Milburn*! Why, Gentlemen, God Almighty has not given you the Gift; and I wonder you cannot find it out.

Indeed Mr. *Roberts*, if you would give me all you have got by publiſhing the Biſhop of *Bangor*'s Works, I cannot ſerve you in Dr. *Hare*'s Sermon, and therefore pray trouble me no more; it is dull, it is Nonſence. It is founded on falſe Criticiſm, the Greek does him no Service, and his Mother Tongue betrays him; he ſhuffles, for he ſpeaks not from his Heart: And that the World may have Faith in my Judgment on this Sermon, I hereby aſſure them, that they need not wonder at the Difference between this Piece and one formerly ſuppos'd to be the Dean's, *viz.* on *Private Judgment in Reading the Holy Scriptures*; for an eminent Lawyer wrote that Book, and not Doctor *Hare*, tho' he has ſtrutted under the Credit of it ſome Years. No! read the *Putney*-Sermon, and you have all the Doctor.

Mr. *Lintott*, do not teize me; I cannot help you, tho' you ſwell and ſwear never ſo much. Perhaps I may give you a Lift in the Winter. In the mean Time turn *Fiddes* to Waſte-Paper for Diverſion, and boil your Pot with the *Engliſh* Hiſtory. If you ſqueek, I may let you have a *Tickler* to play with.

Timothy Childe, you are a pleasant Fellow, that's certain; but I reserve you till next Time, to acquaint the World that *Lewis* of *Covent-Garden* has out-done all his Fellow Letter-Writers and given a different Turn to his Idleness, and the Sighs of a long Vacation, from all the rest.

The little Papist has discover'd himself a Poetaster, and written to *Jonathan Swift*. I can't but indulge his Vein, and recommend him to my Readers for their Custom; for I believe the Man has a mind to turn Christian and Protestant, if the Dean don't spoil him at his Arrival.

To the Reverend JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of *St. Patrick's* in *Dublin*, in *Ireland*.

SIR,

HOping this Scroll will find your Honour
More cheery *than it leaves its Owner;*
For, I protest, since you left Town,
My Trade's so dead, I'm half undone.

Your

Your Pardon first (in Form) I crave,
Who am your Orator, your Slave,
That I, to pay these fond Devoirs
Shou'd interrupt your pious Hours.
Should send rude Lines, and nothing quaint,
Deprive some good and powerful Saint
Of Prayers, which might at once obtain,
What Perjury *long sought in vain.*

But, I must needs say (Entre nous)
Since neither Prayers nor Tears will do;
Since Alberoni's *self is Bit,*
Fellow Statesman, Brother Wit;
Since, at the Groyne, *poor* Ormond *raves,*
Pent in by proud Biscayan *Waves:*
And since averse Geneva-*Saints*
Refuse the doleful Mar's *Complaints:*
Since these, and many many a Truth,
Favour not the Royal Youth;
Pray take my poor well-meant Advice,
And Post to London *in a Trice;*
And here with stern assuming Brow,
Laugh at the High Church and the Low;
Tell 'em that Party *has nothing in't,*
Whether Men preach, or pray, or print;
That, to be gay, you're come to Town,
And care not Who is Up or Down;

Whether

Whether Oxford *twangs the Rod,*
Or ——— *dictates with a Nod:*
Whether St. John, *young and gay,*
'Twixt Mirth and Care divides the Day;
Open and free to all that come,
Bribes abroad, or drinks at Home;
Or whether ——— *in use,*
(Statesman sung by every Muse)
Patron of the Learn'd and Bright,
Levee'd at Morn, and couch'd at Night:
With well-spread-Table, plenteous Feast,
Embracing every loyal Guest:
Racking his Thoughts, how best to find,
One (like himself) that loves Mankind:
Industrious to recommend
Great GEORGE's *and the Muse's Friend;*
Fond, to the last, of pretty Spouse,
Of silent Books, and quiet House.

Or whether John-an-Okes *or* Stiles,
Grows rich in these or other Isles.
Tell 'em that Wit *is all your Taste;*
And here you'll come (Malgre *what's past*).
I'll soon say more, for much more due is
From, SIR, your humble Servant Lewis.

Mr.

Mr. LEWIS,

YOU ſee I have anſwered your Requeſt, and done you Juſtice. Your Poetry is not amiſs, but a little incorrect; however to encourage you, pray finiſh your Letter to your Correſpondent, I doubt not but the Invitingneſſes in it, will induce that Gentleman to viſit your *Shop* once more, and then we may expect you to Rhime in the finiſh'd way.

'Tis very Praiſe-worthy, Mr. *Lewis*, in you, to attempt placing your ſelf on your own *Shelves*; and I commend your Humility in beginning with the imitation of a *Twelves' Author*; purſue Mr. *Sewel*'s and *Gay*'s Airs, in a little Time you may ſwell in a larger *Skin*; you can't want Encouragement, ſuch a Pack of dull Rogues are your Brother Bookſellers, that you'll ſtarve them all in a little Time; You are ſure of every Fellow-Author's Cuſtom. *Cibber* ſhall give you his next Play. 'Tis ſtrange, ſince an *Actor* of other Mens Plays can ſo readily turn a *Maker* of Plays, (and Plays good enough, give the Fellow his due) 'tis ſtrange, I ſay, that ſo few Sellers of Books ſhould be *Makers* of Books. But I muſt reſerve my Self on this Head to the Two *Tonſons*, and ſome others of that *Turn*, who may expect to hear from me. And ſo

Mr. *Lewis*, pray go on, try your Hand, and oblige your Customers, and amongst the rest,

Your Humble Servant,

The TICKLER.

From the London Gazette, *Saturday*, Aug. 8.

'Whereas Subscriptions were taken some time 'since for an Edition of *Lucan*, in *Latin*, in Folio, 'with Interpretation and Notes, to be published by 'Mr. *Tickell*, and that Work being laid aside; this 'is to give Notice to the *Subscribers*, that their 'Money is ready to be returned by *S. Buckley*, for 'whose Benefit the Subscription was designed; and 'that *S. Gray*, Printer, in *Amen-Corner*, will pay 'the same upon Demand.

The foregoing Piece being one of the Rarities of our Age, and fit to be registred not only amongst the Archives of the publick News Papers, but the choicest Collection of *Cotton*, or any other learned Repository, I think it proper to give it a new Sanction in this my never to be forgotten 4*to*.

Having

Having done thus much for the ingenious Author of this Advertiſement, in regard to *Poſterity*; I cannot but call upon him to *Crook his Elbow*, and anſwer the following Queſtions, for the Benefit of the *preſent* Generation.

What a-kin is Mr. *Buckley* to you, that it cou'd induce you to give him the Benefit of a *Latin* Folio?

Who wanted the Money moſt at the Time of getting Subſcriptions?

Why muſt the World be deprived of *Lucan*, becauſe Mr. *Buckley* is grown Rich?

And is there not a *truer* Reaſon for laying this Work aſide now?

Memorand.

This has put me upon looking over *Advertiſements*; and I find they will give me abundance of Work.

F I N I S.

August 19. 1719.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE TICKLER, N°. I. being out of Print, is now Reprinting by Mr. *Roberts*, where *Advertisements* and *Letters* are taken in.